The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 50. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1859. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,

A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,

IS PUBLISHED

Every Saturday Morning,

AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS—$2 00 a year; Five Cents a single number.

SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE of the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at ROOER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 827 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 10, 1859.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

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HISTORICAL.

A New History of the United States. By J. H. Patton, A.M. Illustrated with fine Steel Engravings. 1 vol., 8vo. pp. 822. Half morocco, $3 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

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Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. With 10 finely-colored Plates, and with 20 Wood Engravings. 1 vol., 8vo. Extra cloth, gilt edges, $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Wife's Trials and Triumphs. 1 vol., 12mo. Printed on tinted paper, and handsomely bound. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Barley Wood; a Tale. By Mrs. J. M. Parker. 16mo. Printed on tinted paper. Muslin, 75 cents. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

The Magic Mirror; a Christmas Story. By the author of "The Christ Child." 16mo. Tinted paper. 30 cents. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

Florence and John. By Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo Books," etc. 1 vol., 16mo. Illustrated. 60 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Kenny. By George B. Taylor of Virginia. 1 vol., 16mo. Illustrated. 50 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Old Battle-Ground. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Father Brighthopes," etc. 1 vol., 16mo. Illustrated. 50 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Handie. Being the first volume of Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated. 16mo. Muslin, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Edith's Ministry. By Harriet B. McKeever, authoress of "Sunshine," "Flounced Robe," etc. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, $1. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The Fool of Quality. By Henry Brooke. With a Biographical Preface. By Rev. Charles Kingsley. And an Introduction. By Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D. 12mo. Cloth, $2. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Young Fur-Traders: a Tale of the Far North. By Robert Michael Ballantyne. 1 vol. Illustrated. 75 cents. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.

The Coral Island: a Tale of the Pacific Ocean. By Robert Michael Ballantyne. 1 vol. Illustrated. 75 cents. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.

Ungava: a Tale of the Esquimaux. By Robert Michael Ballantyne. 1 vol. Illustrated. 75 cents. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.

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Earnest Thoughts: From Discourses by James Hamilton, D.D., of London. 16mo. pp. 189. New York: American Tract Society.

The Gospel in Leviticus; or, An Exposition of the Hebrew Ritual, by Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., author of "The Last Times," etc. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

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RELIGIOUS.

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[FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.

MORTUAVIVA.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

She sang, and I heard the singing,
Far out of the wretched Past,
Of meadow-larks in the meadow,
In a breathing of the blast.

Cold through the clouds of sunset
The thin red sunlight shone,
Staining the gloom of the woodland
Where I walked and dreamed alone;

And glintining with chilly splendor
The meadow under the hill,
Where the lingering larks were lurking
In the sere grass hid and still.

Out they burst with their singing,
Their singing so loud and gay;
They made in the heart of October
A sudden ghastly May,

That faded and ceased with their singing.
The thin red sunlight paled,
And through the boughs above me
The wind of evening wailed;—

Wailed, and the light of evening
Out of the heaven died;
And from the marsh by the river
The lonesome killdee cried.

II.

One night of Indian Summer,
The smell of the dying leaves
Was sweet, beneath the maples,
That darkened the cottage-eaves.

In the dark there is nonsense uttered
Where two are quite alone—
A young girl and her lover
Talking in undertone.

O life! that I thought so earnest!
O love! that I thought so strong!
Ah me! for the tender promise
Long kept and broken long!

III.

For one, I hate the remembrance
Of most things past away;
If I could, I would chain my fancy
Down to the dust of to-day.

But ever my fancy rises
With wild, unfettered flight.
The windows are brilliantly lighted,
And there is a party to-night.

I linger before I enter
The hot and shining room;
She stands in the window's recess,
Half-hid by the curtain's gloom;

Half-turned away from the talkers,
With her lips half-oped to speak,
And the sweeping silk of the eyelash
At rest on the perfect cheek.

I long (but I act like the actors,
And play my stupid part)
To clasp her and keep her forever
Upon my hungry heart—

To tell her that I remember
All that I seem to forget—
That in my soul's dim silence
The perfumed lamp burns yet.

So we talk of the weather and parties,
And she makes play with her eyes;
The talk is rather insipid,
The talkers not over-wise.

The talk is rather insipid;
Ah! why should it be so?
Somehow in my darling's sunshine
The perfumed lamp burns low!

IV.

The songs of sorrow are many,
But this is the saddest thing
That ever in all my lifetime
I heard a poet sing:

To love and to outlive it—
In the hollow heart inurned,
To have but a handful of ashes
Where the fires of passion burned;

To hate for the fault of the present
The fulness of pure delight,
To keep love's recollection
In scorn and self-despite.

My darling! if you were buried,
Believe me that I would bring
To deck the place of your slumbers
The sweetest flowers of Spring.

I would sing your virtues and graces,
And grieve with such constancy,
That people should credit your tombstone,
And even believe in me.

V.

The song is done, but a phantom
Of music haunts the chords,
That thrill with its subtle presence,
And grieve for the dying words.

And in the years that are perished,
Far back in the wretched Past,
I see on the May-green meadows
The white snow falling fast;—

Falling, and falling, and falling,
As still and cold as death,
On the bloom of the odorous orchard,
On the small mosk flowers beneath;

On the roofs of the village-houses,
On the long, silenced street,
Where its plumes are soiled and broken
Under the passing feet;

On the green crest of the woodland,
On the cornfields far apart;
On the covering birds in the gable,
And on my desolate heart.

— The great work of M. Thiers, the "History of the Consulate and Empire," which has come to an apparent stand-still for the last two years, is to be finished this Winter, by the appearance, at short intervals, of the four concluding volumes—announced now to be in press.

— Mr. Carlyle is reported to be still busy on his Life of Frederic the Great. Volumes 3 and 4 will be published about May next. The continuation of Lord Macaulay's History cannot be looked for with any certainty at present, though it is said he has two additional volumes ready for the press.

For the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

A HUNTING STORY.

We were resting in camp after the morning's hunt, some reclining at ease, and some half erect, puffing away at pipe or cigar, and discussing the incidents of the hunt. Two or three of the guides, who were always glad to listen to the conversation of the party, sat at the entrance of the shanty in profound attention, broken now and then by a hearty guffaw as some mishap was told of, or an exclamation which denoted that some other bit of bad luck had happened before in their knowledge. The dogs had driven two deer, and one of them had come down to water within a few rods of where a boat was stationed. C——, whose boat it was, had fired deliberately from that distance, as the deer stood still to reconnoitre, previous to taking to the lake, and had not touched him.

"I don't understand it," said C——. "I had a dead sight, and was sure I had put the ball through him; but he only raised his head a little higher and looked all about him leisurely, and finding nothing to excite especial alarm, raised his white tail, and cantering a few rods along the beach, went back into the bushes."

"It was the biggest buck I've seen this year, anyhow," said C——'s guide, a staid, quiet fellow, who was at the moment lighting his pipe at the camp-fire. "Steve, you remember the big buck you killed on the big mash down on the Raquette, two years ago?"

"Guess I do," said Steve, "I sold his *horns* to a New York fellow for five dollars."

"Well, he was just the mate to that."

"What kind of horns did he have?" rejoined Steve. "Just like an arm-chair, only the upper fork was kinder crossways."

"I know him d——d well," said Steve; "the devil couldn't hit *him*." Then, after a moment's pause, he went on: "But I'd like to have *another* try at him: if I didn't draw blood on him, I wouldn't still-hunt next Fall; *I'd* go to diggin' taters."

We all turned to Steve, curiously, knowing him to be one of the best shots in the woods, whether at flying or standing mark, it being nothing unusual for him to kill a duck on the wing with a rifle-ball.

"Why," said he, speaking to one of the party, who had been out with him the year before, "why, Mr. Snapshot, that's the same fellow we tried so many times last year, he feeds right over here, just in back from the head of the pond." Then to the rest of the party: "I went in there last Fall, when Mr. Snapshot was hunting here, to put out. I see some almighty big tracks where a deer had been down in the night on the beach, and I tracked him back about half a mile, and started him out of his bed. He wa'n't more'n ten rods from me when he jumped up, and he run kinder slantin' towards me. I drew right on him as he went past, but never touched a hair. I had Carlo's rope round my arm, and I guess he started and pulled my hand down so I shot under. But I let Carlo go after him, and *I* never see a dog go as *he* did. The deer run straight for the lake, and I don't believe Carlo was a rod behind him when he got to the water. *I* never see such a tougher in all my life as that buck and dog made."

"Yes," said Snapshot, to whom Steve looked at the end of his short yarn, as if to ask him to take up the thread,—"I heard the shot and then heard the dog open, and was sure that the dog was coming straight to the lake; but, not dreaming of the deer's watering so soon, didn't watch very closely; but when I heard the dog give the bark that shows that the deer has watered, I jumped into the boat to go after him. I was watching on Robin's Rock, a mile down the lake, and the deer came in at the very head and coasted, as I found by the dog's running along shore and going into the woods on the opposite side; so that before I was within good seeing distance he had gone out again. I heard the dog go down the lake, and pulled back to the rock. My first look showed me the deer a third of the way across the lake, and making down for the bold point beyond Agassis Bay. The wind was heavy up the lake, with occasional white-caps, and I found it a hard pull; but the wind prevented him from either hearing or scenting me, and while he was coasting along the bold shore to find a good place to land, I slipped in and cut him off before he had any suspicion of being hunted. He wheeled from the land and reared out of water half the size of his body, and dashed off like a horse for the opposite side of the lake. I had had a hard pull of more than a mile, and found it all I could do to manage him going against the wind. I had a withe to throw over his head; but as often as I approached to put it on, he would double with such quickness, that before I could get my boat around and follow him on the new tack he would have swam several rods. When I kept cautiously behind him, so as to be ready to follow on either tack, he would turn a summersault in the water and swim directly past me. I dared not shoot him, for he would sink and the weight of his antlers would not let him rise again. I followed him so half an hour, when I finally succeeded in getting the withe over his horns, and waited for his plunges to cease before shooting him; when with a vigorous surge he parted the withe. I dropped it to take to my oars again, and found that one of them had fallen out in some way and was floating at some distance behind me. I hesitated a moment whether to paddle after the deer, or to go after the oar and then *row* after him; but exhausted as I was I feared to give him so much vantage, and I took the stern seat and paddled after him. I caught him, but found the boat so difficult to manage in the heavy wind, that I soon grew tired and unable to keep up with him. I concluded to risk shaking him, and fired; but though within two rods I missed him, and then fired three barrels of a revolver with like effect. I had the pleasure of seeing him walk leisurely up the beach and dash into the woods. I went after the dog and put him on the track again, but the buck led off to Raquette Falls and there lost the dog, who came back late in the day, showing signs of a hard pace. We knew the deer would be back again on the next night to his old feeding-ground; so after breakfast on the next day Steve went back where he had put out before, and found his track again fresh as though made but a few minutes. It was easily distinguishable, Steve said, from its immense size. This time my companion, who had watched in Osprey Bay the day before, wished to try the head of the lake so I took his post of the day before."

Steve laughed out here and ejaculated, "You know a deer don't run to the same place two days together, and I guess you didn't object much to going down into West bay, (for so the guides persisted in calling it, though we had changed the name to Osprey Bay); I guess you thought he'd run there."

Snapshot laughed in turn, and without replying to the implication went on: "The deer generally come in either at the end of the beach, at the bottom of the bay, or else on the rocky point in the middle of it. I drew my boat on a rock that lies opposite the point and commands the shore. I waited two hours, and finally heard the dog coming along the foot of the mountain. He lost the scent at the big brook that comes in at the beach; and while I was waiting for him to find it again, and watching the mouth of the brook expecting to see the deer come there, I heard the limbs crack on the point, and the next moment he stalked out. The wind, though gentle, blew from me to him, and he scented me and stopped. I had a fair sight, at not more than thirty rods distance, and was tolerably sure of him. Still, I waited to see if he would water, for I was a little anxious to try our yesterday's game again. He snuffed and looked, but as I lay quite motionless he could determine nothing, but, thinking it on the whole suspicious, turned round very deliberately and stepped towards the covert. I bleated like a fawn, and he stopped, when I fired. He pricked up his ears but did not move. I had my Sharp's rifle, and slipped in another cartridge; but the second shot was as harmless as the first. Before I could give him the third he had walked into the woods. Shortly after, the dog came down to the shore, evidently entirely off the scent,—which however he found after a time, as he soon took the back track, and not long after was baying towards the narrows, along the point which lies between Agassis and Osprey Bays. Long before I could get there, both deer and dog had crossed and gone off in the same direction as the day before,—whence Carlo returned towards evening, lame, and completely used up, so that we would not run him the next day."

Here Steve broke in again, with, "Yes, sir; Carlo had that buck in the river all day; he drove him in at the falls, and over to Ampersand Creek, and he crossed the creek twice, and then run back to the Raquette, and took to the river up by the big rock. Bill Johnson—*Raquette* Bill, you know—was out in front of his house, and saw him swim past; and he chased him down the river two miles, and got sight at him three times; but every time the cap snapped, and then he went out for good. *I* believe the d——d old cuss knows a thing or two that a deer oughtn't to. But I'd like to try a fair open shot at him;—I'd know if a bullet wouldn't go 'through his d——d hide."

Steve, irate, chewed the cud of mortifying memories. Snapshot resumed: "That day there came up to camp a New York gentleman, Mr. H——, whose guide, Scott Peck, had a dog that I never knew a match for, for sticking to a scent, though he was very slow; and we arranged for a hunt with both dogs and three boats the next morning. But we were out of venison, and that night I concluded to try night-hunting. We had a capital jack, which threw light enough to see a deer at eight or ten rods, and almost count the prongs on his antlers. The moon set at about eleven, and as soon as it was down we started, and made directly for the beach where Steve had seen the big buck's track. Steve paddles as still as death" (here Steve looked down, smiling sheepishly, and picked at something on the bosom of his hunting-shirt); "and before we had got within thirty rods of the beach, we heard the familiar splash of the deer's feet in the water. I lit up, and Steve pushed for the sound. We found the deer standing broadside to us, and looking over his shoulder at the lamp. I fired when we got within four or five rods, and the deer floundered heavily back into the bushes at the edge of the marsh, and fell. Steve turned the boat to go after him, when, just beyond where he had stood, we saw another, looming immense in the dim light. He was facing us, and I could see distinctly the white stripe on his breast, and a mingled confusion of antlers; but Steve, whose sight was better from the stern of the boat, where the glare of the jack does not disturb the eyes, exclaimed, in a very low, but very distinct whisper, 'The big buck, by G——!' As quick as possible, he turned the full light of the jack on him, while I slipped another cartridge in my rifle. The deer even took a step or two towards us, and then, as if satisfied, turned his head towards shore, when, as he gave me his broadside, I fired. He stopped an instant, turned his head towards us, and then started like a racehorse for the woods. We heard him plunging through the alders until he reached the open woods, when he stopped, whistling like a trumpet, and then started again for the mountain. We heard his gallop die away in the distance, when Steve broke the silence with, 'Hell and d——n,' and we went after the deer we had killed.

The next morning we got started early, and one boat was sent down into Osprey Bay, one to the narrows, while one kept the head of the lake. I took Osprey Bay as before. It was nearly two hours before I heard the dog, running along the flank of the mountain, quite a mile from the shore of the lake. He followed the high land back toward Simon's pond—you know that lies over toward Tupper's lake, West of Osprey bay about three miles—and went out of hearing entirely. It was twelve o'clock and past before I heard anything more of him, and then he came in hearing, running straight for me. I was lying on a rock in the sun, watching the minnows playing around its foot, and pushed off into the lake to fasten to a fishing-buoy a hundred rods from shore, so that he wouldn't scent me. I recognised old Drive's voice, and knowing that he was never within half a mile of the deer, I began to look sharp for him. You know that the water grows quite shoal in the bay down about half way, to the outlet, and there it grows deep for a little way, and then comes the long beach at the outlet. Presently I saw him dash in at the shallow place. It was splendid: he threw the spray up in front of him full six feet high, and galloped along the water belly-deep, until he came to the high rocks just beyond the Osprey's nest"——

Here L—— nodded to Preston, his guide, and whispered, "That's where I shot the Osprey the other day?"

Preston nodded assent.

"When he went out and took to the woods, I started immediately as hard as I could pull for the beach; but before I was half-way there he emerged from the forest again,—the old buck,—and galloping the whole length of the sand beach in full sight, went into the woods at the other side. H——, who had been stationed at the narrows, came in sight just as the deer disappeared, as Scott, knowing from the direction the dog had taken that the deer would run for the outlet, had started to cut him off. We rowed up to the beach to see the tracks, and they were certainly a quarter larger than any I had ever seen before. Scott caught Spot as he came by, and we pulled back to dinner. I had to go out of the woods the next day, and that was my last hunt after 'the big buck.'"

"Oh well," said Steve, "'twan't the last time he was hunted that Fall; they had him in two or three times after that. Uncle Silas Arnold come up, 'most still-hunting time, with a party; and they drove up to Raquette Falls, and put out in between the Falls and Follingsby Pond. They drove the big buck into the falls just where Uncle Silas was watching. There arn't many men around here can beat him shooting; he always shoots at a deer's head whether he's running or not, and he 'most always brings 'em, too; but he see this buck swimming right to him in the still water under the falls, and he had a dead sight not more'n six rods off, and didn't touch him. I 'spect he had the buck fever, them horns was so all fired big. Uncle Silas said he'd give ten dollars just to have shot the horns off, and let the buck go. *He* said they was the biggest horns *he* ever see."

"But, Steve," said Snapshot, "you said that you were going to still-hunt him after the leaves were all off; did you try it?"

"Yes," said Steve, half reluctantly, "I still-hunted there three days, Jess Covey and me; and one day I come up to that big buck. I'd been following his track all morning, and all to once something moved in some bushes not more'n two rods off. The bush was so thick I couldn't make out what it was; but I was jest going to shoot, and thinks I, maybe it's Jess—it was blue, and Jess had a blue shirt on—and the more I looked, the more it was like him. I could see the arms, and shoulders, and all, and by'm-by I sung out, 'Jess, you d——d fool! why don't you speak? Do you want to get shot?' But I hadn't no more'n spoke when he jumped, and I'm blest if it wasn't the big buck—and I'd been standing not two rods from him five minutes. He went by me so quick, I didn't see nothing but a blue streak; I let have as well as I could, but the devil could hit a deer with such a sight. If I'd only known it was him before I spoke, I guess he'd 'a found what it was to have a hole in his jacket, d——d sudden. I don't believe he's a common deer, but I don't know about any deer's having a hide that'll turn a rifle-ball."

We made simultaneous movements towards breaking up, and Preston asking who wished to go and examine the lines, L—— and the Judge filed off with him, and the rest of us to whatever came to hand.

W. J. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.

THE BEACH.

BY ORTHRON.

A pink-hued shell thrown up upon the sand;—
A pearl-set ring;—
A slender hand
Waving toward the land,
So white,
That in the light
It flashed like a sea-bird's wing!

A tangled bunch of weed, from reefs below;
A golden chain;—
A breast of snow,
Where it would gleam and glow,
Raised from the bosom like a swelling vein;
Or, knotted lily,
It shone
Like the yellow cone
In the cup of a water-lily!

A trunk, unfastened, and its cover wide;
Ribbons and lace;—
The glass beside
With modest look of pride,
A form
With heart so warm,
It glowed in her blushing face.

A broken spar, with jagged, splintered end;
A parted rope;—
A boat (the friend
That might some safety lend,
Or from despair raise up a spark of hope.)
Keel upward lying,
All wrecked,
Was each moment flecked
With the white foam shoreward flying.

A form upon the beach! A shuddering prayer!
A maiden's curse!
All nude and bare,
Save that her flowing hair
Would veil
Her bosom pale,
Where now no burning passions throb and toss.

The foam was washing up around her feet
A mound of sand.
Her face so sweet,
Looked up as if 'twould meet
The light
Of glances bright
From some one close at hand.

One arm reposes on her rounded breasts;
From golden sea
Rise hills with snowy crests;
(For here her long hair rests)
Yet bare,
All white, all fair,
All meekness, chasteness, purity.

O! gently,
Lift her now!
A glistening tear
Has fallen on her brow;
Gently!

Slowly now,
Bear her on!
Kindness she needs
Though life, alas! is gone;
Slowly!

O! sadly!
Nevermore
May sight like this
Be seen upon the shore!
Never!
No! Nevermore!

Art Items.

— There have recently been several masterpieces before the public of this city. A large picture was lately sold at $400, claiming to be no less than an original Reubens. The subject was Susannah and the Judges, upon which subject it is known Reubens painted four pictures. One of these is at Potsdam, one in the Louvre, a third, it is claimed, is in the Bryan Gallery. Is this picture, in the hands of a private citizen, the fourth? For this picture $1,000 was once offered, through Inman, and now it is sold for $400. *Apropos* of Inman. There is now on sale at Goupil's, an ink sketch by Inman, dated 1839, with Inman's mark—an undoubted original and a very charming little thing. It is a baby—begun, perhaps, as a portrait, but wrought out under the efflorescent fingers into a fine fancy of smiles, curls, and clustering roses, with over all a star-beam, forming the tip to a wand held daintily in the baby fingers. It was until lately, we believe, a family property—treasured as a reminiscence of the great artist—and was never sold. There was lately knocked down for $150, at a sale of household furniture in this city, an original Sorgh that formerly belonged to Simpson, and was hung in the old Park Theatre Saloon.—*Evening Post.*

— Mr. J. F. Cropsey, the distinguished American landscapist, has now been a resident of London for about four years. From a letter recently received by the Troy *Arena* from him, under date of October 10th, we make the following extract:

I was occupied much more time than I anticipated upon a pair of large pictures last Winter and Spring. They were for Mr. Blodgett, of New York, entitled "The Olden Time"—Morning, a Tournament scene in the 14th century; and Evening, a Return from Hawking in the 16th. They are both subject pictures, embracing, aside from the landscape, a story or incident in the figures. One is a mountain or hill country-scene, with a castle in its days of greatness; with banners and pennons floating, and battlements crowded with men, looking down upon a little strip of green valley, white with tents, where are gathering and gathered knights in gay trappings, and crowds of people, to participate in all the chivalry and enjoyments of the Tournament. The pendent is a quiet picture,

scene near the sea-coast—sun setting, its last rays tinting the towers of a castle, and touching here and there through the landscape, while the moon rises calmly from the sea. The figures are in a costume some one hundred and fifty years later than the other picture—so are all the accessories.

Special Notices.

The New England Society, in the city of New York, with their guests and friends, will celebrate the 239th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, by a Dinner at the Astor House, on *THURSDAY EVENING*, Dec. 22d, at 6 o'clock. Tickets may be had of any member of the Board of Officers, and at the Astor House.

The 54th Annual Meeting of the Society, for the Election of Officers and the transaction of business, will be held at the Astor House on *THURSDAY*, 22d inst., at 12 o'clock, noon.

N. B.—New members will be received.

L. P. HUBBARD, Secretary.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Publisher, 9 Spruce street, New York.

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[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally boards) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

The Saturday Press Book List.

The readers' particular attention is invited to our WEEKLY BOOK-LIST, on the first page. In this List we give, regularly, the title, size, price, publisher, etc., of all new Books, American and English, as fast as they issue from the press,—the information being collected at great expense of both time and money, and with the exclusive object of giving additional value to our columns. To all persons interested in the purchase or sale of Books, this list is invaluable, especially as nothing approaching it in completeness or reliability can be found in the country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our readers will have the kindness to observe that THE SATURDAY PRESS, in its weekly Book-List (see first page), publishes a greater variety of literary intelligence than can be found in any other journal in the country, or, for that matter, in the world. Moreover, all the information thus given is derived from authentic sources, and can be relied on, therefore, as absolutely correct; whereas three-fourths of the literary items which find their way into the columns of the daily and weekly Press, are either wholly destitute of truth, or so inaccurately stated as to be without the least practical value. This may sound like boasting on our part, but considering that THE SATURDAY PRESS is the only journal in existence which has ever been at the trouble and expense of furnishing its readers with a complete list of New Books and Books in Press, we have a right to boast, and wish the public distinctly to understand that we do so. Indeed, we go so far as to say that no man interested, directly or indirectly, in the purchase or sale of Books, can dispense with THE SATURDAY PRESS without serious loss to himself. As for Book-publishers and Booksellers, in every part of the country, THE SATURDAY PRESS is invaluable to them.

A WORD IN SEASON.

We take the liberty of suggesting to our friends that as good a Christmas or New Year's present, in its way, as they could select, would be a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY PRESS. An obvious advantage of such a present is that the recipient would be pleasantly reminded of the donor every week during the year.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our friends who intend to renew their subscriptions to THE SATURDAY PRESS for the ensuing year, will please to do so at as early a day as convenient.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Congress is once more in Session.

The Solons of the land ("Hot Corn" excepted) are again gathered together, and the city of magnificent distances is more than ever the city of magnificent enchantments.

The Law-makers and Politicians are in their glory, and stroll about the broad and astonished streets, "infamous and contented." Nothing is so attractive to them as the Seat of Government, and they flutter about its whited sepulchre like a flock of unspread eagles.

How fortunate it is (for them) that we have a Government! For only on this condition—not to be abstruse—could we have a Seat of Government, and without a Seat of Government, how would the Law-makers and Politicians assemble themselves together, and what could they do when they got there?

Now, they have occasion to meet regularly, and have a good time of it while the Government cheerfully pays the bills, which else would have to be settled by the people, who might not "see it." Lucky people, to have a Government to raise all this money, and a horde of politicians and patriots to spend it for them. If the people themselves had to raise it, they would be ruined, and the race of Law-makers would come to a sudden and (to them) unfortunate end.

So let us rejoice evermore that we have a Government, a Seat of Government, a corps of Governors, a body of Law-givers, and a horde of Politicians,—without costing anybody a cent, except dear old Uncle Sam.

Let us rejoice, too, that the Law-makers are now in session and hard at work for the good of the people. Brave men, they have begun nobly, and in less than a week accomplished more for their country than any journal has yet found time to record.

How will the people ever be in a condition to show them due gratitude. Alas! their services are beyond all compute. Thrice honored and honorable men (alas! the only honorables we have)! may they be repaid for their arduous toils, their self-denying devotion to the interests of the country, their disinterested sacrifices for the public weal, in such a way that men shall never hereafter speak of the "ingratitude of Republics!"

Who beat the first game of Pharo'?

Moses.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

A word from *the* Metropolis—not of letters, which is claimed by Boston; nor of commerce, which is yours, O Effendi of the Press; nor of rampant rowdyism and lawlessness, which no one will dispute with Baltimore, erstwhile famous for its beautiful monuments, its more beautiful women, and hospitable men; but of political influences and Congressional diversions, the focus of Presidential aspirations, the Mecca of dilapidated demagogues, the locus in quo of the unfinished and unfinishable shaft to the memory of Pater Patriæ,—the, not to put too fine a point upon it, City of Washington.

What would we do without it?

Sheffield, Birmingham, Rochester, all the edge-tool manufacturing cities in the world are utterly contemptible, when compared with Washington as the great centre of axe-grinding operations.

So much from the *mechanical* stand-point.

We are not unreasonable. We will make concessions, anything for the sake of peace in the family. And can a larger, broader, deeper stream of charity be displayed, than by starting with concessions to Boston? The headquarters of A——. [Reader please fill blank with *bêtisiosis* or *theniasis*, to suit diversity of tastes.] We, living here, within gun-shot of Harper's Ferry, within ear-shot of the red-stone fane erected to the memory of Smithson, and for the protection from wind and weather of some portraits of ugly *sujets*, two shockingly dilapidated mummies, a very indecently hairless stuffed ape, and some birds-eggs, arranged with special reference to the encouragement of that cruel and profane occupation of birds-nesting, already too prominent in the breasts of juvenile America; in spite of all this combination of political jealousy and scientific pretension, we are ready to make concessions to Boston.

She may be the hub of the solar system. Faneuil Hall may be regarded as the cradle of all liberties, past, present (such as they are), and future. But when it comes to these United States, we put in a caveat for Washington. Thus, in constructing a political planetarium for embryotic Presidents and diapered Senators, we would take a wheel on its axle, and say: "See, my son, this is called a hub, which is the City of Washington, and these the spokes, which are the States and Territories of our Union; and this the axle, which is the White House to which they all point; and this is the linchpin, which is the President who keeps the wheel in its place (I hope, my son, you will live, move, and have your being only in the expectation of being President); and this is the tire, which represents the cohesive power of public plunder, my boy, keeping all together firmly and tightly, you see, notwithstanding all the ruts of abolitionism, and all the stones of disunionism and fire-eatingism; quod erat demonstradum; now go, my son, and eat your mush off the little plate which has the picture of the White House stamped on it."

And this might be called the *astronomical* view of the case.

The strength of the tire is about to be tested.

Aggression and bloodshed, taunt and threat, braggadocia and sarcasm, are not likely to dispose those who have shared in these employments to meet in fraternal and cordial mood to consult upon the grave issues of a complicated domestic policy.

Oh that men had moral strength and high patriotism enough, to make a *tabula rasa* of the last six weeks! That they would not only forgive but forget; that they would let bygones be bygones. But no, we will want the last word, and the last word leads to a blow!

There is so much of that wretched spirit which prompted one little Dicky-Dont to say to the other, "If I can't lick yer, I can make mouths at yer sister."

And when it comes to that, the absorbing desire of all men for prosperity and gain is trampled out and extinguished by the fierce storm of revenge.

And this among brothers!

Something was said along back about liberties—such as they are.

It is a generally accepted belief that one of the greatest privileges of an American citizen—*the* greatest par excellence—is freedom of speech. This is a delusion so generally prevalent both in the North and South, that a caution cannot be too soon sounded that such nonsense don't go down here.

Much depends, in fact, upon the *kind* of nonsense.

The papers have just reported at length, a trial before one of our police-*justices*, a perfect meteor among the lesser Dogberry luminaries, which will somewhat surprise you folks, who, at Tammany and elsewhere, are so apt to "speak out in meetin'."

A respectable Quaker gentleman, who has held responsible official position, and who now pursues the profession of Patent-lawyer,—Breed is his name—in conversation in a private apartment with other persons, one of whom is a dentist, named Van Camp, gave expression to abolition sentiments, which were very fiercely denounced by Mr. Van Camp, who felt it incumbent to say some things intended to wilt up and quite uproot abolitionists generally, and Seward and Breed particularly. And yet the Quaker lawyer and the *un-Friend*-ly dentist shook hands at parting, the latter, however, intimating to the former in the gentlest tones consistent with the gravity of the affair, that if he caught Broadbrim near his premises, he the forceps-man, would proceed to slay him—Broadbrim—incontinently, without benefit of clergy. This, one would say, was a sufficient settler to poor Breed's argumentative propensities; but, probably, fearing to become a pervert himself to such sentiments, or possibly having a dull axe to grind at the National Factory, and thinking that zeal, whether with or without knowledge, would not be overlooked by the people at the crank, the Dentist went and entered complaint against Breed for stirring up sedition among the negroes! (The Van Camp pedigree is not convenient for reference.)

I can't report the trial. You wouldn't believe it if I did. You will hardly believe the end of it, as it is. The Squire, having heard the pros and cons, *Dons*-ed the robes of Judicial dignity, and with lips of profound wisdom, and tongue of supernatural discrimination, found Broadbrim guilty of "incendiary and seditious language," and sentenced him to find bail in two thousand dollars to keep the peace!

"How about the Dentist who threatened to kill the Quaker if he saw him near his premises?"

"What a foolish question"—as my four-year-old says. Brother Presbyterian, isn't the liberty of speech guaranteed by the Constitution?

'Till next time (if you find space for this).

Unos.

Who Elected Fernando Wood?

To this question, propounded and discussed with so much gravity in the daily papers, we beg to reply with some diffidence and with not the least idea of satisfying anybody—the people who voted for him.

The Mayoralty.

Woo'd and Won.

Rogue's Policy.

Non-committal.

A Brown Study.

How to color your meerschaum.

"Everybody's Friend."

Sterling Coyne.

"The Great Tribulation."

Helper's Impending Crisis.

"Filling at the Price."

Niblo's Four-shilling Opera.

Modern Novel-Writers Divinity.

Ceres.

"ANNA MARIA" OUT OF TOWN.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I am out of patience! And you cannot wonder at it, when I tell you the reason. Here has my name been used publicly, for the past three years or more, *bon gré, mal gré*, without ever in reality a word from myself appearing in print. All my ideas privately expressed, every opinion I may have offered or careless remark I may have chanced to let fall, have been snatched up with lightning-like rapidity and inserted in the columns of some journal, without even so much as asking my consent or begging my pardon. Now, is it not enough to stir up all the wrath which it is possible to awake in my woman's heart? Henceforth "Anna Maria" shall speak for herself, and I would warn all readers in future to guard against whatever PERSONS or any other mischievous critic may write, when, to shield himself from comment or blame, he throws all the burden upon the shoulders of poor "Anna Maria." It is astonishing what liberties the world in general seems disposed to take with some members of our distinguished family. There is poor cousin Flora, *née* McFlimsey, now the stately Mad. ——; what a tumultuous uproar she created not long since amidst our fashionable circles, and all because a certain *jeune homme pauvre*, to immortalise his name, employed his muse to reveal the secrets of poor Flora's heart. Not, by-the-bye, Mr. Editor, that either I or her husband ever supposed she had such an article among all her possessions—oh, no! only, although Flora never was exactly a favorite of mine, yet, in vindicating her rights, I am endeavoring to defend those of the family. As for Flora herself, I don't think all that was said disturbed her equanimity in the least, so absorbed was she with displaying

"Her latest and *dearest* imports from Paris,
To that hateful old ogre—*her dear Mrs. Harris!*"

And now, dear Mr. Editor, after all this preamble, you and I will have a confidential little chat, in which, of course, all the confidence will have to be on my side. *Mais que signifie cela?* Do not wonder, or enlarge your beautiful eyes, by opening them too widely at learning that "Anna Maria" is *out of town*. True it is not the season when one is apt to seek retirement in the country, neither am I weary of city-life—of the opera—the charming matinées or the promenade. Ah, no! my heart is too faithful to the memory of past loves to forget all these—but you know that "blessings *brighten* as they take their flight," and thus I am trying an experiment to find whether *I* am a blessing or not, and whether my memory will brighten in the hearts of my friends, now that I have taken my flight! To-night I have been turning over the pages of Dickens's Little Dorrit, and thinking meanwhile of Ullmann's Little Patti. Not that there is the least connection between the two; but, in this quiet little place, where I am now writing, Little Patti, who has burst like a star of the first magnitude suddenly upon the operatic horizon, has her home. I can look out from my window and see, in the white moonlight, the old schoolhouse where she and I in other days sat conning our dry lessons; and I cannot help wondering if, amidst her brilliant triumphs, she will ever think of those days now past, and of the old schoolmates who used to listen enraptured to her sweet voice, little dreaming in their innocent hearts that in the little dark Italian girl who stood before them they would one day behold the brilliancy of a *musical star*. I should not have said Italian girl—for Little Patti is a native of our own free land—although of Italian parentage. Dear little Adelina! How plainly do I see her now before me—even as I used a few months ago so often to see her! How pretty she was, with her large dark eyes looking softly through the deep fall of lace that shaded her broad-brimmed hat! I would not have thought to ever see in the little girl playing with her tiny dog (for Little Patti, like all other *interesting* young ladies, possesses the whitest of little poodles) the real impassioned Lucia or hapless Leonora. But time worketh wonders; and Little Patti has left her girlish home to form the sparkling centre of a new circle. Perhaps she may forget "Anna Maria"—yet here I would offer my humble tribute as a tiny leaf to twine in the bright garland weaving for her youthful brow. . . . . This is a quiet little village, but once in awhile they are lively up here. Doubtless, the question is not exactly *apropos* just now; but, Mr. Editor, did you ever keep Hallowe'en? During November I was visiting here for a few days. And here I must express my wish that all Anna Marias and Flora McFlimseys had a few such dear "country cousins" as I have. It would do them good to visit these same cousins once in awhile. 'Twould reveal to them human nature, ungloved by artificiality. But about Hallowe'en, which I spent with some friends fresh from the land of Robbie Burns, who had brought with them all the dear old traditions and beautiful superstitions of their native land. And what a merry time we had! And how strange it seemed to "Anna Maria," to be there amidst the merry group that gathered around the great kitchen fire!—no formality there I can assure you. What a witchery lurks in the hours of Hallowe'en! Even the moon that night, as she looked softly down through the mist, had a wierd, unwonted look in her silvery rays; and in the air itself one seemed to feel almost an invisible presence like to the elves and sprites of ancient lore. Numerous were the tricks, the spells, and mysterious incantations performed. First was the melting of the lead, which melting was done in a great iron spoon, after which the lead was poured by some fair one into a glass of cold water. The lead immediately assumes a variety of shapes, which are believed to resemble the instruments or tools belonging to the profession of the fair experimentres's future husband. This is tried three times. One young lady had each time a host of little nails! As for "Anna Maria," a variety of little things resembling surgical instruments fell to her lot; from which which it is augured that some day a disciple of Esculapius will successfully sue for her favor. Of course, she will in future keep a sharp lookout upon all young physicians. Next came the burning of the nuts, the paring of apples, and the trial of Destiny's cups. For this last, three cups were placed in a row upon a table, into one of which was put clear water, into another foul, while the third was left empty. One was blindfolded, and put her hand into a cup. If she by chance placed her hand in the clear water, this denoted a youthful husband; if in the foul, a *widower*; and if in the empty cup, she was doomed, alas, to single blessedness! This is tried, of course, three times, the cups being changed each time. "Anna Maria's" lucky hand found the cup of clear water, from which she knew the physician to be both young and handsome. The evening waxed late; and now came the last trial, which was to go alone into a room, holding a light in one hand and an apple in the other. The light is to be placed upon a table before a mirror. When the clock strikes twelve, over the mirror a shadow will glide which shall resemble the being unknown, who one day will claim our heart-worship. This, all hesitating and trembling, did foolish "Anna Maria." The clock struck the mystic hour: "Anna Maria" lifted her eyes slowly to the glass before her, and started with surprise to behold—her own smiling face! By this she thinks that, *possibly*, the handsome young doctor may resemble *her*. Long will the frolics of this evening be remembered. For a true picture of these festivities, one has only to read the poem, entitled "Hallowe'en," by poor Robbie Burns.

But my letter grows long. The clock strikes twelve, and though this is no charmed eve, yet, mayhap, some obliging invisible sprite will waft to the hearts of absent friends the adieu of "ANNA MARIA."

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1859.

Music for the Deaf.

The Mendelsohn Union gave a Concert at Palace Garden last Thursday for the benefit of the Deaf Mutes—who enjoyed it immensely.

The Tinker's Divinity.

Pan.

Fifth Avenue Divinity.

Pallas.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

VII.

I saw the tragedy of "Bertram" last night. It was like coming beneath the shade of some great, dark, majestic oak, after having travelled leagues through pleasing but unimpressive shrubs. MATILDA HEATON was well calculated in her native majesty to carry out this illusion. Her Imogen was of the lofty though gloomy type. Something like an atmosphere of grandeur seemed to exhale itself from her every stately motion. Her attitudes and tones set themselves on the highest summit of dramatic dignity; but her voice is hardly powerful enough for Niblo's Theatre,—a Theatre which despises aconstics, and looks with scorn upon the auric nerves. So much for the Queen of our Drama.

Mr. Eddy, as Bertram, was an infinitesimal Forest. The ninety-ninth trituration for instance.

⁂

It may not be out of place for me to say a few words here with regard to my remarks on "Beulah," in a former number of the SATURDAY PRESS. The few lines which referred to that book were simply an expression of my honest and unbiased opinion. Unbiased, because my preconceived opinions were all strictly in favor of Miss Evans. I was more astonished than I could easily describe, the following week, when I learned that Derby & Jackson had withdrawn their advertisements from the SATURDAY PRESS, for the reason that my article had attacked one of their publications. It is astonishing that publishers will persist in viewing the public as a lumbering, idiotic animal, led by the nose by mere puff and balderdash. As if the reading public could not distinguish between sickly, unmeaning sycophancy, and the sincere convictions of the heart. Besides, when the columns of the paper are equally open to the other side of the question, the whole case becomes exaggerated. It is taking the cube-root of the ridiculous. Nay, it does not quite agree with the logical habits of mind, which I am told the members of the sex so superior to my own invariably possess.

I will also take the liberty of saying here, that this series of articles commenced with a view of stating my honest convictions about the passing events of the day, and that in the same course I shall strive to continue. The opinions they express will sometimes be diametrically opposed to those of the Editor, and of PERSONS. Not that either of them is in danger of breaking his heart, or losing his appetite on that account.

If I call a book good, when I believe it to be bad, I am sinning against truth and my own heart. Besides, the lie is the most unprofitable of investments. It is a snare to the feet, and confusion to the heart. It crawleth for a season and dieth like the worm. Truth was twinned at its birth with Immortality, and knoweth not the name of Death.

⁂

I have read the "Queen of Hearts," by Wilkie Collins. I was aggrieved to find that the plot of the book was a mere thread upon which to string together a number of previously-published stories. I had read all but three of them. The same author is contributing at present a very exciting and entertaining serial to *Harper's Weekly*. Wilkie Collins seems to me to have somewhere in his being, a single fatal atom. He misses greatness by a hair-line only. He evidently prides himself upon the minuteness of his descriptions. But a thing is not always graphic because it is minute. Minuteness only conduces to the graphic where it consists of a number of living facts in the most condensed form. If a single fact is hammered into great ductility, so as to stretch along a telegraphic line, that accomplishes nothing more than the rigmarole.

"The Woman in White" is thus far to me a very interesting story; I even dare to hope it may be great.

⁂

Once upon a time, I am told, the Blue-Stocking was a living fact; now she exists only in the minds of the fogy-men old enough to remember her. Some of these curious old fossil-fellows are still extant. Through means of these eye-witnesses and the copious analyses of various male writers, I am able to conceive of her exact picture. The minds and works of such kindly retain an unfailing fund of the noxious scales from this fish, in order that we may know how the horrid creature sported herself in the slimy waters of her existence.

Thus to my eyes is she painted. The Blue-Stocking is an intellectual woman. She is a female who poseseth mental gifts. These mental gifts, of whatever nature they be, she weareth in the manner the porcupine doth his quills, and with the same intention. She hath wrenched the curves from her form, and her body is now bounded by square lines, with the occasional diversion of a wildly acute angle. Her hair calleth brush and comb its direst foes. A threatening pen gapes at each ear. Her claw-like hands are long, scraggy, and immortally ink-spotted. Her feet are clothed in maimed stockings, and forlorn slippers flap their wings about her heels as she walketh. Such is the seediness of her attire, that the scavenger claimeth her for his own, the sympathetic ash-barrel singeth to her "come rest in this bosom," and the scare-crow waggeth at her the cornstalk of scorn as she passeth.

Doubly an Amazon, she hath seared her two breasts, in order to plant upon them the iron muskets of literature; yea, and lest the blueness of their veins should draw to her the softening influence of the blue-eyed angel of love.

She hath been known to bear children, but there is no record that she hath known the maternal sentiment. She cannot rank so high as the weasle in the treatment of her offspring. She feedeth them on sour meal and musty bread—for the pen dried up the source of milk in her breasts, ere they were seared. She delivereth them over to the devouring elements. Naked are they thrust forth to the biting winds. She maketh their bath a watery grave. Hungry dogs attack them before her eyes, and she waiteth to close her sentence ere she rescueth their mangled remains. She seeth them creep into the fire, crisp themselves into toast before her eyes, and deposit themselves in her own gown in black blotches of carbon; but her emotion venteth itself in a "hum," and a nib of the impatient pen.

She feedeth on strange flesh and mysterious bread. Her food cannot attract caloric; it is cold and clammy even during the process of cooking. A needle causeth her to foam at the mouth. All that is hard, and harsh, and graceless in nature clustereth around her. Even the blue-bottle fly she calleth a coquette, and crusheth with ireful heel. Her eyes are optical Gorgons, whose glance turneth the heart into stone.

But with the male sex lies the chief terror of her coming. When she beholdeth the male, she mocketh at him in her wrath. Her mane is erect, her eyes vomit flames, her feet are pawing the ground, and her mouth snorting tempest-making words. Tall, thunderous and terrible, she driveth the male shrieking before her.

Now, alas! how painful the contrast. The literary woman is hardly to be distinguished from the rest of her sex, except in the small matter of being a trifle more amusing. Grace and beauty cling to her form, and she loveth to drape herself in luxurious garments. She feedeth on savory food. The needle is a magic wand in her hands. She beareth lovely children, and holdeth them fast to her soul, in the purest of pure loves. She feedeth them from the living stream in her breast, the drops of which are nature's most precious and sacred pearls. The whiteness of her breast shines like stars, and the most limpid blue of heaven courses itself in veins thereon, giving sweet entertainment to the holy angel of love.

She is full of warm aspirations, deep longings, kindly sentiments, entertaining thoughts, and above all others proveth the glory of the master-passion. The male feareth her no longer; he knoweth how prone she is to love him. Her lips are like the crimson heart of the fragrant tropical rose, and breathe out ardent words to him, that the shallow and ignorant were not born to speak.

Alas me! how degenerate hath the age become! for in these modern days, the truly great woman hath her heart so fused into her head, that all the fires of hate, and envy, and calumny, and persecution, cannot unlock that God-sealed embrace.

PALMER'S STATUE.

The White Captive.

Of the comparatively few subjects selected by American Artists from our own History, which though young is so prolific, we think Palmer's "WHITE CAPTIVE" the most remarkable illustration of its wealth of material, and its perfect adaptability to the high requirements of Sculpture.

The true Artist is evinced, perhaps, as well in the selection as in the treatment of a subject.

The moment chosen to represent the WHITE CAPTIVE is one of the highest pathos,—not the instant that she has been made a prisoner, which would be too painful, nor the time when her fate is decided, which would leave nothing to be suggested; but the transition from the one to the other, when an expression of moral grandeur pervades the figure, an elevation of character above all ordinary passions or emotions, and when beauty is most exalted, yet how tender, sensitive and lovely!

The statue is nude, thus affording the sculptor an opportunity of carrying expression to its highest point toward perfection, with the most beautiful and susceptible of created forms as a means, without sacrificing an historical to an artistic or poetic truth. She stands confronting her savage captors, her form averted, her face turned toward them; the wrists are bound to each other, the left arm behind the back, the hand *closed*; the right arm is drawn backward in a gentle curve, the hand holding with delicacy and firmness the tree by her side, corresponding with the face in vitality of expression, and leaving the outlines of the torso uninterrupted. The head, *unlike* the most famous of the ancient statues, is large enough to be intelligent; the face is one that we could love; it is beautiful in form, but *not of the conventional rigidly classic type*, and its expression touches our inmost soul. The physique is fine, healthful, elastic; it is *truthful*, but not *literal*; *every* member and fibre seem to throb with the life and emotion that is centred in the face, and are realized with a delicacy of manipulation almost beyond comprehension. It is nature refined and exalted.

It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that in ancient sculpture, the age of immaturity and decline was distinguished by an attention to costume that was not practised when art had reached its highest expression;—then, flesh was considered the chief object of imitation, and everything else treated as accessory. It was also under a republican form of government that ancient art reached its culminating point, and produced works that have been *imitated* by Europe ever since. It now remains to be seen whether the Republic of the West will maintain the originality and independence already inaugurated in sculpture and landscape.

The Young Ladies' Divinity.

Ma's.

The Infants' Divinity.

Wean-us.

Debtor's Divinity.

I-owe.

Way to Wedlock.

A-dore.

Jeu d'Esprit.

Less 'ave another!

Free Negro's Politics.

Dis Union.

Slave's Politics.

Dam Nation.

Badly Sold.

The Octoroon.

Laundry-wit.

Flat Iron-ry.

Unexpected Election Return.

Wood.

When is a Door not a Door?

When it's an inlet.

John Bull's Last.

When I can aim my rifle clear
At Frenchmen in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And shoot them as they rise.

Contents of Magazines.

Bentley's Quarterly Review, No. III., contains: France and Europe; Shakesperian Literature; Guizot's Memoirs; Surrey; Connexion of the Physical Sciences; Tennyson; Mommsen's Rome; Alpine Travellers; The Court of Louis XV.; English Field Sports.

The Eclectic for November contains: Baden Powell's Order of Nature; The Balance of Nature; Sun Pictures, by Mary Howitt; Avalanches; Trollope's Tuscany; Garibaldi; The Beer Bill; Brief Notices of Recent Publications.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for November contains: Recent Progress of Geographical Discovery; The Signal Lights, by the author of "Ashley"; Dion, by Sir Nathaniel; The Planter's Daughter, Part III., by Mrs. Bushby; The Franklin Monument, by Nicholas Michell; Ranke's History of England; Our Apartments near a Church, by Edward P. Rowsell; Half an Hour with an Old Physician; The Long Night in '37—An Autobiography; From Paris to London on Foot; Young at Welwyn, by W. Charles Kent; The Last Days of a Poet; A Century of Legends.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Dec. 10, 1859.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. 12mo, pp. 504. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owiglass. Newly collected, chronicled, and set forth, in our English tongue, by Kenneth R. R. MACKENZIE, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. And adorned with many most diverting and cunning devices, by Alfred Crowquill. 12mo, pp. 255. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things Understood by Things that are Made. By Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg in 1761. Translated from the 28th German edition, by Robert Menzies, Hoddam, England. 12mo, pp. 316. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 378—400. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

Earnest Thoughts from Discourses by James Hamilton, D.D., of London. 18mo, pp. 190. New York: American Tract Society. 1859.

Faith and the Assurance of Faith. The substance of six discourses by the celebrated Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Sterling, Scotland, 1730—1750. From the London edition of 1762, somewhat abridged. 18mo, pp. 173. New York: American Tract Society. 1859.

Sketches from Life; or Illustrations of the Influence of Christianity. 2d series. 12mo, pp. 486. New York: American Tract Society. 1859.

Little Plays, to Amuse and Instruct Little Folks in the Nursery and Schoolroom. 12mo, pp. 55. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1860.

Apelles and his Contemporaries. A Novel. By the author of "Ernest Carroll." 12mo, pp. 342. New York: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1860.

Watson's Woods; or, Margaret Huntington's Experiment. By the author of "A Little Leaven, and What it Wrought," "Our Little Girls," etc. 12mo, pp. 360. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1860.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Personal.

It may be refreshing to repeat a remark which I made at the commencement of the season, that these leaves are not written for the glorification of any manager, actor, or actress; but entirely for the entertainment of the public. People who have formerly imagined that they had a divine right to be puffed continually, cannot exactly see this, but they will by-and-bye. In the meantime, the Able Editor has mounted a six-pound howitzer, which commands the entrance to his sumptuous bureau, and the subscriber has bought a new pair of shoes with very thick soles. Prenez garde!

Mr. Bourcicault's "Octoroon."

I gave you, last week, the plot of the new piece at the Winter Garden. That is, I gave as much of it as there is any necessity for. People who want the rest may read the dailies, or the Sunday papers, which always steal the plots, errors and all, from the *Times*, *Herald*, or *Tribune*.

And they are so mean, too, that they steal sometimes from an infant like THE SATURDAY PRESS.

That's worse than sacrilege!

Mr. Bourcicault's *Octoroon* is an inconvenient piece of property. She bothers me a great deal. The author has written an anti-slavery play and he hasn't. I can say with him, that to me Trojans and Tyrians are exactly alike; that my friend Smith, whose governor works a hundred hands on the Red River, is as good a man to live with as my other friend Brown, who does the abolition dodge in Vermont, and hopes to get into Congress by it. Still I have an objection to plays which deal with delicate social questions, not because they may interfere with my views upon the question at issue, for I have no views upon any question; but because when I go to theatre I don't like to have any strain upon my mental faculties. Heaven knows they are not over and above strong. Then I don't see why my feelings, which are exceedingly susceptible, should be worked upon unnecessarily. I object to seeing the Octoroon put up on the table and sold to the wicked overseer (I don't believe the gentlemen of the South would permit a young lady like Zoe to be sold under any circumstances), and if so, I don't think it is exactly the thing to judge the peculiar institution by an exceptional case, which after all is entirely an imaginative one. I quite agree, too, with a great many people who object to the denouement. The idea of the author is good enough. He desires to punish crime in the person of the bad overseer, and in the case of the Octoroon, to show that when the father hath eaten of sour grapes, the teeth of his children are set upon edge. But the Octoroon's life might have been saved, and her lover given to her rival. Disappointed love is a terrible thing. I know a lot of fellows who have been troubled with it, and have suffered "dreffully," so they tell me. Packing Box, who delivers parcels all over the world, and who is a great critic upon art and literature, and can tell you, without knowing a word of French, nor English, from which Paris Feuilletonist I take my bon mots, had it so badly once that he could not go to the office for three days, and the affairs of the country were completely knocked up in consequence.

But if I go on this way, I shall never get through with the Octoroon, and to tell you the truth, I don't intend to, this week. I was saying, however, what I didn't like, and I may as well finish with that branch of the subject. I don't like the physiological lecture which the young lady gives to her lover. And besides, a young man madly in love would care very little about the color of his mistress' finger nails, or for the circumstance that the roots of her hair were off color. If all the young people who get sweet upon each other should enter upon such minute physical analyses, there would be few opportunities for the illustrious Brown to appear in wedding favors. I don't like to see the Octoroon sold any more than I would be pleased to learn that some stock-broker, with a wig and dyed whiskers had paid down forty thousand cash, and taken Anna Maria off her ma's hands, although I think the old lady would be glad to get rid of her, and have a son-in-law to bully, for half the money.

There are as many Octoroons on this island as there are in the Attakapas.

There are Zoes sold in New York every day, Effendi; the only difference is that there are no Doras nor Georges to save them. The motto of the Knickerbocker Octoroons is a charge à révanche, and they get it, generally, I can tell you.

That's what I don't like. Now I'm coming to something which I do like.

I like the admirable way in which the author has constructed his play. It is a model which I advise all the adolescent dramatists to study. The same talent displayed upon an unobjectionable subject would have gained unanimous applause even for Mr. Bourcicault who is too clever popular.

But the truth is we are all a little tender upon the subject of our great National Sin, and would rather have it kept out of sight.

I like several of the characters very much. It was a happy idea of the author, the friendship between the Indian and the slave-boy, the union of the representatives of the two despised, bullied, snubbed, and spat upon races. The Southern belle, Dora, is also capital. She would answer for the type of an American belle in the North as well as the South. I know the animal a little bit, and speak from experience. Scudder is a good character; and in fact all the artists have strong parts. The best acting was that of Mr. Bourcicault, Miss Robertson, Jamieson, Jefferson, and Mrs. Allen. The latter caught the idea of her rôle exactly, and expressed it faithfully. I liked Miss Burke, too, in little Paul; and must not forget to say something about Miss Secor, whose representation of a Southern-gilded youth was superb. It was Juleps, faro, navy-revolvers at ten paces if you like, St. Charles and New York hotels all over. It was one of those little artistic opportunities which Bourcicault knows so well how to create, and which, when realized, help the vraisemblance of a play immensely.

That's pretty nearly all I have to say about the Octoroon, just now, except that it has so far drawn crammed houses, and promises to nett several brown stone fronts for the author and Le Chauve. Next to myself I would rather he should have them than any one else.

"Everybody's Friend."

A pleasant comedy under this title has been done at Wallack's.

It is an English piece done from the French by an industrious literary thief, named Stirling Coyne, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews.

There was not a good house for the first night, and I was glad of it. The time was when a crowded audience might have been counted upon at this theatre for any English play, but now they attract no attention except in isolated cases. The most attractive thing that managers can do is to put up the works of native or resident dramatists. They always command attention. If they are bad they go to the dogs at once, but if they are only moderately good they are sure of success.

I am quite free to speak my mind upon this subject because I don't write plays.

That's a relief, is it not?

Everybody's Friend is not worth much time. The plot is very slight, and has been used twenty times before. The dialogue, however, is smart, and some of the situations are ludicrous. Mr. Lester Wallack succeeded moderately with a rôle which is too brisk for him, Brougham and Walcot were capital, and the crinolinities, Mrs. Hoey and Miss Gannon, had nothing to do, and tried to do something, and didn't do it.

I went with a young gentleman who is commissioned by J. B. to uphold the flag of our country on the ocean wave. He is a blonde, my officer, and not to put too fine a point upon it, has red hair; he is a thorough barbe rouge, and rather likes it. I am not a brunette, exactly, and I quite sympathise with my maritime friend, when he wants to know why they

always play the spooney young men in yellow, and the snobs in red wigs. Why is it that everybody falls in love with young men that have black curly hair? They always do. A. M., who is not quite a fool, though she tries as hard as ever she can to make people think so, went wild about Jordan's raven tresses in *The Wife's Secret*. Even Ada Clare, a blonde of the blondes, couldn't refrain from a slur at youths with corn-colored locks.

Its altogether wrong, and we, Palinurus and myself, protest against it. If it wasn't against the rules of the service, he'd have Walcot out. I'll take care of Brougham when his new piece is produced.

One Thing and Another.

Mr. Mark Smith, who is both an artist and a gentleman (there are not many people on the stage of whom I could say as much), has a benefit at Laura Keene's Theatre to-night, when *Still Water Runs Deep* will be acted. Everybody ought to go.

Apropos to benefits, one of my young men said rather a neat thing about Mrs. Hoey's the other day. Some one at the Club asked young Dimes, where he was on Saturday? "Oh," remarked the youth. "I went to Wallack's, and saw Mrs. Hoey in two pieces." "Bon Dieu," said my young man, who is proud of his French, "that's awful, she was coupée en deux, n'cest pas?" That is considered one of the finest things of the season, and the airs that the young fellow puts on, are insufferable.

The Philadelphians are having a rather good time of it, than otherwise, with things that belong to the metropolis. The opera opened on Monday, with the *Poliuto*. The ruthless critic of the *Press* touches the artist on the very sorest point. Listen:

Virtually, there are only three performers of any note required for this opera. On the present occasion, these were Madame Gazzaniga, Signor Brignoli, and Signor Amodio. They looked in excellent condition and rude health,—Madame Gazzaniga nearly as stout as Brignoli was when we saw him first; Brignoli rapidly approaching the original rotundity of Amodio; and Amodio about one-half larger than he was two years ago. These be the degrees of comparison—stout, stouter, stoutest. We will not be so unkind to this pinguidity as to breathe the Oriental prayer, "May their shadows never be less."

The *Press* rather likes the opera, and has discovered that the finale of the second act is a quintett. They are very clever in the right-angled village "over yonder." We ignorant metropolitans always thought that it was a sestett and chorus.

Thursday was assigned for the début of Adelina Patti in *Lucia*. Chestnut street had been invaded with an army of Spaniards, devotees of the young prima donna.

Mrs. John Wood has produced at the Arch street Theatre a romantic drama, "*The Daughter's Vow; or Love's Disguises*." Mrs. Wood plays the part of a young woman disguised as a boy;—her "ma" is the author of the deception, which is committed in order that the estate of the Governor, a French baron of the ancien regime, may not go out of the direct line. Sometimes the young lady indulges in the luxury of crinoline; and once, while doing so, she captivates one *Hyppolite*, a man of war. This youth gets very melancholy because he cannot find his *Phillis* again, but finally meets her at the house of the Baron, as a young man. A sort of camaraderie springs up between them, and *Hyppolite* makes *Amadis* his confidant, as young men will do, as I know by awful experience. When *Hyppolite's* health is getting "poor," instead of suggesting, as I do, temperance, cold baths, and all the other moral virtues, *Amadis* appears to the forlorn one as a female. Of course, he gets wilder than ever, and the play ends with a wedding, of course.

The *Press* critic says:

Of Mrs. Wood, we can say with justice that she made a most favorable impression. She is a beautiful woman, sings with taste and skill, and dances very gracefully. Her voice is singularly sweet, soft, and expressive. She does not rant, but preserves all through the piece that naturalness of manner so necessary to a good piece, but so unpopular with Western audiences. This piece, however, while it develops Mrs. Wood's accomplishments, affords no field for that peculiar humor with which report has clothed her. The bills announce her, with theatrical modesty, "as the queen of comedy and song," and our people are no doubt anxious to see her in a part calculated to develop all these powers. We remember her as *Tilly Slowboy*, in New York, where she played Miss Agnes Robertson (metaphysically speaking) into a "cocked hat"; and while we want no better representative of Dickens's charity-girl than Mr. Clarke, nothing would please us better than to see *her* in the same character before a Philadelphia audience.

Max Maretzek has been having a grand row with the Havana "crickets." The Prensa man having pitched into the Opera in a white-wine vinegar style, Max stopped his tickets, whereupon all the other editors, with a degree of esprit du corps, which is worthy of imitation, immediately declined to use the privilege of free admissions. They are all comparing Cortesi with Gazzaniga, and in the *Traviata*, they say the latter will never be replaced by the former, so far as Havana is concerned.

I hope, for the sake of Ada Clare, that Adelaide's constitution (which is apparently vigorous) will bear up under this blow, and that she will come back from the "ever faithful island" safe and sound.

There have been some rumpuses in the coulisses during the past week. "Awful" Jefferson seceded from the W. G., on account of the old difficulty about big type with Richelieu Bourcicault. Awful was reëngaged, however. Miss Laura Keene having taken a fancy to play *Hester Grazebrook* in Tom Taylor's rather stupid play, *An Unequal Match*, the part of Sir Charles Somebody—an unhappy fellow, who has nothing to do but heavy laying around in a dressing-gown, and smoking a meerschaum—was sent to Mr. Jordan, who refused it, and virtually resigned his situation. Probably the affair will blow over.

Here is the plot of *The Dead Heart*, the piece which Miss Laura Keene is preparing. It was written by Mr. Watts, for the Adelphi, London, and produced there about a month ago:

Mr. Phillips prefaces the play with an acted prologue. In these premonitory scenes the pride, frivolity, and profligacy by which the patrician orders were so infamously distinguished in the reign of Louis XV. are portrayed; while now and then, amid the wassail and revelry, the sullen murmurs of popular discontent break ominously on the ear. Prominent among the leading characters is the *Abbé Latour* (Mr. David Fisher), an insidious and dissolute churchman, who, beneath a polished and persuasive manner, conceals a corrupt heart and a spirit savagely vindictive. He prevails upon the *Count St. Valerie* (Mr. Billington) to carry off *Catherine Duval* (Mrs. A. Mellon), the affianced bride of *Robert Landry* (Mr. B. Webster), a young artist, who is regarded with bitter aversion at Court as being the leader of an intrepid and enthusiastic band of students, whose eloquent harangues have awakened in the people love of liberty and scorn of their oppressors. The *Count* manages to effect an entrance into *Catherine's* chamber at night; her cries for help bring *Landry* to her aid; but the *Abbé*, armed with a *lettre-de-cachet*, and backed by a party of musqueteers, appears suddenly on the scene, and carries the ill-fated artist to the Bastille. In this frightful dungeon he remains for eighteen years. His friends believe him to be dead, and under this conviction *Catherine* gives her hand to his rival and becomes *Countess St. Valerie*. Time wears on and the *Count* dies, leaving his only son *Arthur* (Mr. Billington) in the guardianship of the *Abbé Latour*, who perfidiously resolves to work his ruin, being urged thereto by a double motive—hatred of the lad's father, and a dishonorable passion for his mother, whom he hopes to mould more easily to his purpose when she is removed from the influence of her son. The heart-broken mother indignantly rejects *Latour's* overtures, but how shall she rescue her boy from the subtle villain who is luring him to destruction? The smouldering fires of the Revolution have now, in 1789, burst out in furious flames, and Paris is a scene of anarchy and bloodshed. The Bastille is taken by the mob, and among the prisoners whom they restore to liberty is *Robert Landry*, a poor emaciated creature, apparently in the last state of mental and physical prostration, who, however, slowly recovers his consciousness, and, in the invigorating scene of freedom, gradually assumes his native energy of intellect. On learning that *Catherine Duval* has been married to *St. Valerie*, he resolves on a cruel and desperate revenge, and this object he pursues with stern inflexibility of purpose. In the second act we find him an influential member of the Convention, and among his proscribed victims are the young *Count* and the *Abbé*, both of whom have been imprisoned in the Conciergerie, and are to be consigned to the guillotine the following morning at daybreak. In vain had the *Countess* sued for mercy on behalf of her son. The "dead heart" of the prisoner of the Bastille is insensible to the appeals of pity, and with cold disdain rejects the mother's prayer. But with a refinement of vengeance he resolves that *Latour* shall die by his hand alone. The *Abbé* is summoned by his order to his private apartment in the prison, where, after reproaching him with his crimes, and the bitter wrongs he has endured at his hands, he places a sword in his hand, and tells him he must fight him on the spot until one of them be slain. This interview concludes with a duel, in which the *Abbé* is slain. The young *Count* is to be the next victim of *Landry's* vengeance; but discovering from certain papers found in *Latour's* pocket-book that the late *Count St. Valerie* was not a party to his imprisonment, and that *Catherine* had married the *Count*, believing *Landry* to be dead, the cold heart warms, *Landry's* love for *Catherine* returns, and, resolving to save her son's life, he mingles among the prisoners who are destined for execution, answers to the young man's number, and is borne to the place de Grève, where he is about to be bound to the guillotine, when the curtain descends.

A. M., to whom I have shown this plot, thinks it is "sweet."

Mr. Brougham is not doing *Rip Van Winkle*. So all the chiffoniers who stole that item can go to work and correct it. What did I tell you, brigands, last week? The Brougham piece is a purely imaginative affair, and is called *The Winter King*.

Sam Cowell has thoroughly ingratiated himself with his audience, who certainly seem to be the happiest people in town. Not afflicted with any dangerous amount of gayety, there is still nothing more pleasant to me than the sight of a lot of people forgetting in the presence of a good artist, their toils and troubles and grievances and all their little cares, and have a jolly good laugh, not at, but with the artist. This is a great power, and this Sam Cowell seems, in my poor judgment, to have.

The French Theatre, proper, has been in rather a bad way. Les abonnés don't come down with that celerity which might be expected from the proverbial generosity of the Gaul, and were it not for the outside patronage, American, Spanish, and German, there would have been a smash long ago. Mannstein, the jeune premier, had a good benefit on Tuesday, and played in *La Closerie des Genets*.

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The Letter of WASHINGTON IRVING, in this collection, was written expressly for this Fair but a few days before his lamented death. That of EDWARD EVERETT was also written for the same charitable object. There are two letters in the collection from Sir HENRY CLINTON, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces during our Revolutionary War, of real historical value. The collection at the Fair is the most rare and extensive in the United States. The other

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AND MAGNIFICENT AND RARE
PAINTINGS, CURIOSITIES, INCLUDING
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TOM TAYLOR'S ORIGINAL COMEDY,
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UNEQUAL MATCH,

In two years, with a splendid cast.

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ORIGINAL HISTORICAL PICTURE OF
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GREAT MUSICAL COMEDIAN,
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AT THE
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Where his admirable representations of the ludicrous side of human existence, and his wonderfully clever descriptive songs, are nightly received by audiences the most

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THE LONDON SHOEBLACK,
MISS BETSEY NUBBLES,
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and give a nightly summary of the news of the day in the language of that classic bard,

WILLIAM BARLOW, ESQ., F. S. N. S. M. R. B. A.

Tickets 50 cents; to be obtained at the box-office from 9 to 4, and at the principal music stores.

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8.

MR. AND MRS ROBERT GOLDBECK'S *SECOND AND LAST LYRIC RECITAL* (Poetry and Music), *SATURDAY EVENING*, December 10th, at 8 o'clock, at *GOLDBECKS MUSIC HALL*, No. 765 Broadway.

Tickets to be obtained at the music stores of C. Breusing, No. 701 Broadway; Scharfenberg & Luis, No. 769 Broadway; and Schuberth's, No. 98 Spring street.

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A CONSERVATORY OF THE ARTS DEDICATED
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MUSIC,
AND THE
BALLET

By

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON.

SATURDAY, DEC. **10th.**
FIFTH NIGHT
OF
A NEW PLAY,
IN FIVE ACTS,
BY
DION BOURCICAULT, Esq.,

The Author of many popular Dramatic Works.

NEW SCENERY.
APPROPRIATE COSTUMES.

Mr. BOURCICAULT, as Wah-no-tee, a Lepan Indian Chief.
Miss AGNES ROBERTSON as Zoe, the Octoroon.
Mr. JEFFERSON as Salem Scudder, the Yankee Overseer.
Mr. JOHNSTON as McCloskey, the "Piece of Connecticut Hard ware."
Mr. JAMIESON (his first appearance in New York for many years,) as Pete, the Old Slave.
Mr. A. H. Davenport as George Peyton.
Mr. G. HOLLAND as Sunnyside, the Planter.
Mr. PEARSON as Ratts, mate of the Magnolia steamer
Mrs. ALLEN as Dora Sunnyside, a Southern belle.

On *SATURDAY*, Dec. 10th, 1859,
Will be produced
A new play, in five Acts,
Illustrative of
AMERICAN CHARACTER,
AMERICAN SCENES,
AND
SOUTHERN HOMES,
Called

THE OCTOROON;
OR,
LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

The scene is laid in the Delta of the Mississippi River, on the plantation of Terrebonne, belonging to Madam Peyton, widow of the late Judge.

The time—The present Winter.

N. B.—The Octoroon is a Southern name, given to the "eighth blood,"—being the child of a quadroon by a white.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Peyton, of Terrebonne Plantation, in the Attakapas, widow of the late Judge Peyton.................Mrs. Blake
George Peyton, her nephew, educated in Europe, and just returned home.........................Mr. A. H. Davenport
Jacob McCloskey, formerly overseer of Terrebonne, but now owner of one-half of the estate..........Mr. T. B. Johnston
Salem Scudder, a Yankee from Massachusetts, now overseer of Terrebonne, great on improvements and inventions, once a photographic operator, and been a little of everything generally......................Mr. J. Jefferson
Pete, an "ole uncle," once the late Judge's body servant, but now "too ole to work, sa"..............Mr. G. Jamieson
(His first appearance in New York for many years.)
Zoe, an Octoroon girl, free, the natural child of the late Judge, by a Quadroon slave..........Miss Agnes Robertson
Sunnyside, a planter, neighbor and old friend of the Peytons......................................Mr. G. Holland
Dora Sunnyside, his only daughter & heiress, a Southern Belle.......................................Mrs. J. H. Allen
Lafourche, a rich Planter..................................Mr. Stoddart
Wah-no-tee, an Indian Chief of the Lepan tribe...Mr. D. Bourcicault
Paul, a yellow boy, a favorite of the late Judge's, and so allowed to do much as he likes.............Miss Burke
Ratts, mate of the Magnolia steamer..................Mr. H. Pearson
Col. Poindexter, an Auctioneer and slavesalesman....Mr. Russell
Jules Thibodeaux, a young Creole Planter.........Miss H. Secor
Coillou, an Overseer.......................................Mr. Peck
Jackson, a Planter..Mr. Tree
Claiborne, the auctioneer's clerk.........................Mr. Ponisi
Grace, a yellow girl, a slave...........................Miss Gimber
Solon, a grief boy-slave.................................Mr. Styles
Dido, the cook, a slave.................................Mrs. Dunn
Mrs. Claiborne...Miss Clinton
Minnie, the quadroon slave..............................Miss Walters
Planters, slaves, deck-hands, and ladies.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.

Nothing extenuate, or aught set down in malice.—*Shakespeare.*

Tros, Tyriusve, mihi nullo discrimine agetur.—*Virgil.*

SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE PLANTATION OF TERREBONNE,

A Southern home under a Southern sun; The little darkies, "dem's wus dan Skeeters;" Pete, the old servant; George Peyton just arrived home; A Paris lion in a canebrake; Madam Peyton and the Patriarchal home; The good old Judge; Salem Scudder's description of Zoe, the Octoroon; The two overseers; A confession; The strange relation and affection existing between Madam Peyton and her husband's natural daughter; Plantation life; Southern waste and Northern thrift; Zoe, the Octoroon; The arrival of Sunnyside and Dora; Dora Sunnyside a portrait; George cannot understand the social position of Zoe; McCloskey arrives; The hard customer; Paul the yellow boy, and Wah-no-tee the Indian hunter; The strange affection between the savage and the boy slave, companions in the swamp hunt; Paul and the Indian start across the Red Cedar Swamp for the United States mail; Border United States mail delivery; The foreclosure on Terrebonne; The plantation to be sold; The last hope of recovering the estate; The Judge's desk; McCloskey's love for the Octoroon; "I cannot marry you, but I can make you mistress of the richest estate in Louisiana;" The two overseers review the state of things; The live oak and the creeper; Two live Yankees, or diamond cut diamond; Scudder's confession of his love for Zoe; McCloskey discovers the free papers of Zoe; The judgment; The dark hope; The resolve.

ACT THE SECOND.

THE LANDING ON THE ATCHAFALAYA.

THE LUMBER SHED.

Scudder returns to his old trade and takes a photograph; Paul wants his picture took; Pete brings terrible news; Zoe confirms it; George's declaration of his love; "He does not know what I am;" The "eighth blood;" McCloskey's resolve; Wah-no-tee and Paul; The apparatus at work; The daguerreotype portrait; Paul takes his own likeness, assisted by the Indian; The Savage's fear for the machine; Thinks it a deadly weapon; Paul sits for his portrait; The attack; The murder; The letter and the flight; Terrebonne will be sold and Zoe will be mine; The revenge of the Indian and his grief for Paul.

ACT THE THIRD.

THE PARLOR AND HALL AT TERREBONNE.

Preparations for the sale; McCloskey claims the pound of flesh; The slaves are to be sold; Pete on the stump; His address to his "cullurd brudders;" Darkie enthusiasm.

THE SLAVE SALE.

Ratts, the mate of the Magnolia; Grace, the yellow girl, and her children; "Buy me, mas'r?"; Pete on the stand; his indignation at going cheap. No. 4. The Octoroon girl Zoe; Consternation of the slaves; McCloskey bids; The assault by George, Bowie knives and revolvers; Dora's revenge on Zoe, who has taken away her lover; The sale of the Octoroon.

ACT THE FOURTH.

THE BOILER-DECK OF THE MAGNOLIA.

THE LANDING AND THE WOODPILE.

Roll on the cotton bales; Take her guards under; She is freighted down into the solid mud, and can't float; No matter, "Wood up; hang on to the safety-valve; she'll crawl off on her paddles;" Alarm; the Indian comes; Wah-no-tee, the murderer of Paul; Seizure of the savage; Popular fury; Lynch him! Lynch him! Scudder protects him; Paul's grave discovered, and the missing mail-bags brought to light; Evidence strong.

THE LYNCH TRIAL.

Counsellor Scudder defends the Indian; Scudder on Lynch; A new witness arrives very unexpectedly; An alteration of the entertainments for that evening; Scudder on McCloskey; Improved and corrected edition; McCloskey in a fix; The verdict and the seizure of the Prisoner; McCloskey's escape.

THE SHED ON FIRE.

Cut the ropes; Back her out; Clear away; The criminal away; His Indian destiny pursues him.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMER MAGNOLIA BY FIRE.

The vessel swings in the stream a prey to the flames.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST—THE NEGRO QUARTER—NIGHT.

Zoe seeks her old nurse, Dido; the old Obi Doctress; The drink that cures the red fever; The night after the sale; Life is so beautiful to one so young.

SCENE SECOND—THE CANEBRAKE—SUNRISE.

McCloskey out of danger; His flight through the swamps; His escape; The dusky shadow of death behind him; The Indian on the war-path; The pursuit; The human bloodhound.

SCENE THIRD—THE RED CEDAR SWAMP.

Scudder and Pete on their road home; The Alarm; What's that in the bushes, "a bar or a runaway nigger;" The man-hunt; The wolf run down at last; The Indian and his victim; Save me from the scalping-knife of the savage; Judge Scudder's revision of the Lynch verdict; His decision; Pete's petition; Scudder relents; His protection of the white man.

SCENE FOURTH, AND LAST.

The parlor at Terrebonne again; Zoe's adieu to her home before she leaves it for the house of her new master; The glass of water; The arrival of Scudder; The joyful news; Pete in a bad way; Zoe's freedom; Free at last.

THE OCTOROON GOES HOME.

THE VISION AT THE LANDING.

LITTLE PAUL'S GRAVE.

McCloskey appeals to the highest tribunal; The last that was seen of the Indian Wah-no-tee.

During the Winter season the doors will open at 6 P. M. The entertainments commence at 7.

Families bringing children are informed that the entertainments always conclude before 10½ o'clock. This rule will only be departed from under particular circumstances, and this departure will be notified in the bills.

MAUDE CLARE.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilied beck ;
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

She followed his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien :
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din ;
Each guest sat in his place,
To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To do the wedding grace ;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To sing, and laugh, and jest :
One only neither ate nor drank,
Nor clapped her hands, nor bless'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady-mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years ;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell ;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride ;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kissed the bride.

No eyes were fixed upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more ;
All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
While she looked straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said,
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ancle-deep
For lilies in the beck :

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We plucked from budding bough,
With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He faltered in his place ;
"Lady," he said,—"Maude Clare," he said,
"Maude Clare,"—and hid his face.

She turned to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you,
Though were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love :
Take it, or leave it, as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear,
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair,
I'll love him till he loves me best
Me best of all, Maude Clare!"

—*Once a Week.*

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The New York Historical Society.

After Dr. Fischell had read the regular paper of the evening (on "The History of the Jews in America"), the Hon. Luther Bradish made the following remarks:

Since our last meeting, death has again invaded the circle of our society, and removed from among us one of our earliest, most distinguished, and most cherished members. After a long, brilliant, and well-closed life, Washington Irving has gone to his final rest! Few among the current events of time, have touched more profoundly the heart of the public, or moved more deeply its finer sensibilities. It was natural that this should be so. For Washington Irving was not only admired for the brilliancy of his genius and its productions, but he was beloved for his genial spirit, the amenity of his character, and the beauty of his life. In his departure from among us, he has left behind him, to remind us of the magnitude of our loss, not only the rich heritage of his literary works, but the benign influence and encouraging example of his own well-spent and successful life. In the universal grief at such a loss, the members of this Society deeply sympathize, but in the intimate relations of the deceased with this Society, as a loved and honored associate, we have an additional and peculiar motive for grief.

It is, therefore, fitting and proper that the Society should, in a manner becoming the occasion, and worthy of itself, signalize its high appreciation of the deceased, and its own peculiar and profound grief at his loss.

To this end I trust that suitable measures may be proposed and adopted on this occasion, and which I now invite.

No sooner had the President taken his seat, than Charles King, LL.D., stated that the duty of presenting resolutions commemorative of Washington Irving had been committed to him, and as it was a simple one, he would at once proceed to read them. They were as follows:

Resolved, That the New York Historical Society has received with deep and solemn interest the intelligence of the death of our distinguished associate, Washington Irving, whose glowing pen has illustrated the annals, as the beauty of his life has advanced the character, of our country and our race.

Resolved, That while mourning, as all must mourn, the loss of such a man, we acknowledge the goodness that vouchsafed to him length of days to complete his last great work ; and then turning from further labors, to pass serenely, and without suffering, from mortal life to immortality.

Resolved, That this Society will celebrate the next anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving, by a public Address on his Life, Character, and Genius ; that William Cullen Bryant be respectfully requested to prepare and deliver the Address ; and that the Executive Committee make the proper arrangements for the occasion.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, duly authenticated, be transmitted by the President of the Society, to the family of the deceased.

President King, of Columbia College, said, in presenting the resolutions:

The duty has been assigned to me, Mr. President, of offering for the consideration of the New York Historical Society certain resolutions expressive of our feelings at the death of Washington Irving, one of our earliest, oldest, and most distinguished members. There is no preface needed for the performance of such a duty, and I ask therefore at once to read the resolutions.

It is only a few short months ago that we met here to express our regrets at the decease of our then illustrious member of our society, too early snatched from us—our great historian Prescott. It was an added pang to our grief then, that in the meridian of his powers, with his work yet unaccomplished, and while we might reasonably look for continued years of honorable labors, Prescott was suddenly struck down. Now our sorrow—not less deep and sincere—is yet soothed by the reflection that Irving was graciously permitted to fulfil his work ; that his beautiful life was prolonged into genial old age, with heart and affections still fresh, with judgment matured, and with faculties to complete the crowning glory of his literary labor—the biography of Washington. We cannot see so bright a light go out with mourning ; yet we are consoled as by the dying sunset of a glorious day, that his whole life, with the exception of the period passed in Europe, was spent in the city and vicinity. Mr. Irving was eminently a New Yorker, and fond of being so regarded ; yet he was universal and catholic in his sympathies ; and well was that largeness of sympathy repaid to him, for where are not his friends and admirers?

To those of us who knew him in early youth,—we are few and far between now, who did thus know him,—his personal character is so identified with his literary character, that we might well distrust our judgment of his works from attachment to his person ; but still the united voice of Europe and America confirms the most favorable judgment. He has written much, and on varied and widely different subjects, but in all, well. In his great biographies, careful in investigation, truthful in statement, impartial in deciding, and always aiming to be right, he wins the confidence of his readers by his honesty, quite as much as their admiration by his pure, polished, transparent style. In his various essays and fancy sketches, we find the same genial temper, quaint imaginings, delicate humor, and stainless purity, which characterized the man. Never, indeed, was author so completely *daguerreotyped* in the sunlight of his own genius as Washington Irving. He stands revealed in all the lineaments of his moral nature by the brightness of his own flashing pen. And as those who knew him best cannot, in all their intercourse, recall a word or act of his that could offend the most sensitive delicacy, so no cheek ever felt a blush of distress at any line or sentiment he ever wrote.

Of such a life, Mr. President, and such literary labors, it seems meet and fitting altogether that his associates in this Society should make honorable record, as well in affectionate testimony of their own high regard, as for the edification of those who shall come after us, to profit by such an example.

And it is most fortunate—shall I err in saying Providential?—that the close of such a life should be beautiful and serene as at its course ; that he should pass from life to death without a struggle, a murmur, or a sigh ; and that his obsequies should constitute the most remarkable incident known in the record of any private man. Truly the heavens that smiled propitious on his life, smiled, too, propitious on his grave. On one of the loveliest days of our loveliest season, which our Longfellow tells us is called by the pious Acadian peasants, *the Summer of all Saints*, our friend was borne to his rest, followed by thousands from city and from country, the long procession wending its way, amid rustic displays of admiration, of regret—all business suspended, all hearts intent upon the one common sorrow, and among scenes which his pen has immortalized. Slowly, slowly and sadly they went, as the great sun sinks to its rest, "looking with eyes of love through the golden" vapors around him, upon that grave which was just about to close upon all that was mortal of our friend.

It is a "Washington Irving day," was an exclamation from many lips—a day in its beauty, calmness, and loveliness, akin to his life and labors ; and twining from that hillside where he was laid to his rest, to gaze upon the enchanting panorama around, and to mark the demeanor of the thronging multitudes as they separated on their respective paths, it was impossible not to feel, with all the joy of grief, that our dead had been fittingly and worthily honored.

Mr. President, I add no more, and simply move the adoption of the resolutions.

Rev. Dr. Bethune, upon being called upon by Mr. Bradish, said that he arose at the instance of an authority which he would never willingly disobey, to second the resolutions. He wished it to be understood that he did not deem himself a fit person to assume such a charge, as he had never been brought into close personal intimacy with Mr. Irving. Aside from the intrinsic beauties of Irving's writings, he considered their great excellence to be their moral worth. After enlarging somewhat upon this topic, he concluded as follows: Look upon the *Life of Washington*, and you will see that Washington Irving was, if he chose to be, as strong as he was gentle. Let us honor his memory by following his example. If we cannot imitate the beauty of his power—for it is not given to every one to be great, to instruct all as master—let us, each in his sphere, show in his life that he has not read in vain the lessons of that beautiful teacher, who, though dead, yet speaketh. [Applause.]

Remarks of Mr. George Bancroft.

Memory cherishes the lovely qualities and beautiful career of our friend who has just ceased to be mortal ; but words are wanting to portray his genius and his virtues. No American since Washington has taken with him to the grave the undivided affection of the American people like Irving. And it is right that it should be so. He came into the world just as a treaty with England gave our Republic a recognized existence among the nations ; and he was lulled in his cradle by the pleasant songs of returning peace. The first great solemnity that he gazed upon in his childhood, was the inauguration of our Constitution ; so that the early life of him who was called to take the foremost part in creating an American literature, was bathed in the purest dews of our country's morning. As he grew up, his genial humor was nursed by the traditions and inspirations of his own native State ; he opened his heart to all the pleasant influences that surrounded him ; he made himself one with Nature, as she reveals herself in her glory along the Hudson ; and when he was scarce six and twenty years old, he had written what the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

Thus far his literary activity had been the outgoing of the joyousness of youth ; his mind was to be ripened, his character to be matured, his rightful career to be made plain by the trials of affliction. He had loved and been beloved ; and he watched, to use his own words, "beauty and innocence languish into the tomb." The being was departed whom he had loved as he never again was to love in this world, who had loved him as he was never again to be loved ; and the gladsome humor that marked his entrance into life had become, not subdued, but tinged by a sweet-souled melancholy, and a large and more earnest sympathy with his kind. Now, when he stood midway in the path of human life, of a sudden his outward fortune was swept away and disappeared, and he was left in possession of nothing but his own mind. Blessed adversity! that opened to him the treasures which lay heaped up within his soul. Sorrow and misfortune only brought out in its brightness the purity of his nature, and were but as clouds that reflect the sunshine in a thousand hues.

In a foreign land, alone, impoverished, bereaved, he was so good and true, we might also say that angels ministered to him. He looked with serene wisdom upon the angry waves that threatened him, and they passed under him without harm.

The career of letters now claimed him for its service. He had not been deeply read in books ; but his mind was richly stored with images of beauty and primal truths, and he knew nature by heart. The English language, which better than any other can express the sincerity of affection, the delicacy of sentiment, the freshness of rural scenes, spread out its boundless wealth as his own ; and at that period of what he himself calls "his troubled life," he conquered for himself fame and good will wherever that language is spoken.

It was at this period of his life that, during a Summer at Paris, I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference of our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. As we roamed together over the fields around Paris, many an earnest, and noble, and encouraging word fell from him for my behalf ; and sometimes he would speak to me of his own occupations. How he proceeded with descriptions, I cannot say ; but I found that where he gave expression to feeling, he would write continuously, pouring out as it were at one gush all he intended to give forth. One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room and read to me what he had written at one sitting, without pause, under one inspiration, and almost without interlineation or erasure.

I remember it to this day : it was his *S. Mark's Eve*, from the words "I am now alone in my chamber," to the end. He that studies such passages closely will find confessions of Irving's own inward experience and affections.

As an historian, Irving stands in the front rank. His life of Columbus has all kinds of merit—research, critical judgment, interest in the narrative, picturesque description and golden style ; exquisite in the melody of its cadences and its choice of words. His life of Washington, which is still dear to the American people, is a marvel. No one has so painted the Father of his Country to the life ; modestly disclaiming great extent of original research, he has yet added much that was not known before. But what distinguishes him is the grace and facility of his movement. He writes American history, as it were, by the aid of special endowments ; he takes with him a candor that never fails, a clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivalled keenness of insight into character. He may err in minor details, but never in the general effect. No one has drawn so true, and touching, and vivid a picture of Washington in his retirement, as Irving, who published it while suffering from prostration of the nerves, a depression of spirits, and that attack of asthma which harassed him to the last.

Nor let it be forgotten that Irving is a native of our own New York. Like Chaucer, and Milton, and Pope, and Gray, his birthplace was in the heart of a city. Among the Greeks when a victor returned from the Olympian games, the citizens of his own home esteemed his prizes their own, went out to welcome his return, and would even break down the walls to receive him in greater triumph. Our Irving has wrestled in the game of life and came off the conqueror ; he has gone to his long home ; on the mildest of Winter days we have surrounded with flowers and laid him among his kindred ; and his spirit in its flight has been borne upward on the affections of countless multitudes. Now, what shall we do here to mark for him our veneration and love? He gave to this city of merchants fame throughout the world of letters. Will not, then, the merchants of New York raise to his memory a statue of purest marble? It would be the payment of a debt to his fame, a just tribute to his virtues, a lesson to the rising generations. Fathers might then take their sons to gaze on his lineaments, and say, "There is the man who during more than fifty years employed his pen as none other could have done, and in all that time never wrote one word that was tainted by skepticism, nor one line that was not as chaste and pure as the violets of Spring."

Dr. Francis arose, just as the meeting was about to adjourn, and related some of his experience with Irving, when they attended school together in John street. He hoped that this city would erect a statue of Washington Irving at no late day.

The resolutions were then carried, and the Society adjourned.

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Who won't wear Crinoline,
Long live the Queen!
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Broad skirts be narrowéd,
Long trains be shortenéd ;
Long live the Queen!

A storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French fooleries,
And make them pall.
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India rubber rings,
Deuce take them all!

May dresses flaunting wide
Fine figures cease to hide :
Let feet be seen ;
Girls to good taste return,
Paris flash-modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn.
Thanks to the Queen!

—*Punch.*

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OHIO, INDIANA,
ILLINOIS, KENTUCKY,
MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN,
CALIFORNIA, AND
AT THE FAIRS OF THE
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MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, BOSTON,
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE,
METROPOLITAN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
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The sharpest paper in the country.

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From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

The Saturday Press, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called comic, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle one into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own funeral.

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We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are piquant and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

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The New York Saturday Press is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the *Home Journal*, which has no particular claims to independence. The Press has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the London *Punch*.

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June 15,	fast 4 seconds.	Aug. 15,	fast 18 seconds.
July 1,	" 6 "	Sept. 1,	" 23 "
" 15,	" 10 "	" 15,	" 28 "
Aug. 1,	" 16 "	Oct. 1,	" 32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

Paul Morphy.

Boston, Sept. 27th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

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George E. Porter.

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Norman Wiard,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

Boston, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

Albert Metcalf, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

James Floy, D.D.

Boston, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. Gorham H. Bassett.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. Sheafe.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.;

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6939, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. Fuller,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

Newtonville, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. B. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dear Sir:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness ; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

William B. Spear.

New York, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

Dear Sir:—The American Watch, No. 5976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. Stuart.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

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		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	30
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as low as any company can insure, and, at the same time, present permanent security to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, and
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt, Jaques Guedin,
Adrian Iselin, J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones, Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy, E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt, S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman, James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant, Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham, William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew, George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood, Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr., Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins, Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., Josiah H. Burton.
David Jones,

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a Dividend on Premiums paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since		1853.
38 " " "		1848.
39 " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

MEDICAL ETC.

COCOAINA,

A Compound of Cocoanut Oil, but known as

Dr. BENJAMIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,

Is the only preparation in the world that will really restore the hair. Its renovating powers are truly wonderful.

NONE NEED BE BALD

who will try this remedy, and persevere in it long enough to give it a chance to operate on the roots of the hair, and renew their natural life and vigor.

Try it once, and you will surely be satisfied to continue.

It will also cleanse the hair, impart to it a beautiful brightness, and render it soft, glossy, luxuriant, and inclined to curl.

Sold only at the MEDICAL AGENCY, 742 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

K. CRUGER, Agent.

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